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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LI. CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1903. NUMBER 13

THERE is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

—EMERSON.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Tower Hill Summer School

1889—FOURTEENTH SEASON—1903

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JULY 19 TO AUGUST 23.

A SCHOOL OF REST.

This is the aim, justified by thirteen years of experience—simplicity of dress and diet, regularity of hours, abstinence from the excitements, parades and trivialities that characterize so many summer resorts and that constitute the false expectation of too many summer boarders from the city. This school assumes that thought is restful and vacation is not vacuity but change, variety, sanitary and sane activity of body and mind. No exercises are arranged for the afternoons or Saturdays, and it is expected that all will be quiet by nine o'clock every evening.

NORMAL CLASS IN RELIGION.

THE FLOWERING OF CHRISTIANITY INTO UNIVERSAL RELIGION.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Leader.

Twenty-five half hours. Every forenoon, 10:30 to 11 a. m.; five days in the week.

This will be the last year's study in the seven years' course on Religion, the preparation for which was the original purpose that called this Summer School into being. The work will be based on the studies, experience, books, charts, maps, stereopticon slides and lectures used in the actual Normal Class, Bible Class and Sunday School Classes of All Souls Church, Chicago, during the year ending June, 1903. Many of the leading subjects in the course will be treated in the evening lecture with several stereopticon reviews. It will not be a "touch and go," but a "touch and return." The effort will be to make the topics hang together so as to leave the impression of a related whole. It will not be "studying Europe from the top of Mont Blanc," but Ruskin's "introduction of the world to the child through the story of five great cities."

The aim will be to give parents, Sunday School and day school teachers the methods, as well as the matter for teaching that which is too much omitted, even by the college trained and those who are interested in morals and religion.

PROGRAM:

About Twelve of these Subjects will be Treated as Evening Lectures.

A. Protestantism; Orthodox Christianity.

Erasmus, 1465-1536; **Luther**, 1483-1540; **Henry the VIII.** 1491-1547; Melancthon, 1497-1560; **Calvin**, 1509-1564; **Knox**, 1505-1572; **The Puritans**; **Fox**, 1624-1691; Swedenborg, 1688-1772; **Wesley**, 1703-1791.

B. Protestantism; Liberal Christianity—Unitarianism and Universalism.

Servetus 1511-1553; **The Socini**: Laelius, 1525-1562; Faustus, 1539-1604; In Transylvania, **Francis David**; in Wales, Jenkin Jones; in England, **Joseph Priestley**, 1733-1804; in America, **William Ellery Channing**, 1780-1842; **Hosea Ballou**, 1771-1852; **Theodore Parker**, 1810-1860.

C. The Enlargement by Art.

The Artists of the Reformation. Duerer, Holbein and the Cranacks; Kaulback's Era of the Reformation (Illustrated).

D. The Enlargement by Science.

Copernicus, 1473-1543; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642-1727; Sir Charles Lyell, 1797-1875; **Darwin**, 1809-1882.

E. The Enlargement by Skepticism.

Voltaire 1694-1778; Rousseau, 1712-1778; **Thomas Paine**, 1737-1809; Thomas Huxley, 1825-1895.

F. The Enlargement by Literature.

Shakespeare, 1564-1616; Goethe, 1749-1832; Shelley, 1792-1822; Wordsworth, 1770-1850; Whittier, 1807-1892; Browning, 1812-1889.

G. The Enlargement by Biblical Science; The Higher Criticism.

George H. Ewald, 1803-1875; Ernest Renan, 1823-1892; Abraham Kuenen, 1828-1891.

H. The Enlargement by the Comparative Study of Religions.

Sir William Jones, 1746-1794; Anquetil Du Perron, 1731-1805; Champollion, 1790-1832; **Max Mueller**, 1823-1901.

I. The Humanitarian Enlargement.

John Howard, 1726-1790; Samuel G. Howe, 1801-1876; Dorothea Dix, 1805-1887; Florence Nightingale, 1820- ; William Lloyd Garrison; Henry Berg; Susan B. Anthony.

J. Socialistic Enlargement, Applied Christianity.

Robert Owen, 1801-1877; John Ruskin, 1819-1901; Henry George, 1839-1900; Lyof Tolstoy, 1828-

K. The Amelioration of Dogma: The New Orthodoxy.

Bishop Colenso, 1814-1833; F. W. Robertson, 1816-1853; **Horace Bushnell**, 1802-1876; Henry Ward Beecher, 1813-1887; Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893.

L. The New Catholicism; Gropings toward Organization across Denominational Lines.

(*a*) **Orthodox—The Board of Foreign Missions, Young Men's Christian Association, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Christian Endeavor Societies.**

(*b*) **Liberal—Free Religious Association, The Parliament of Religions, The Congress of Religion.**

M. Prophets of Universal Religion.

Immanuel Kant, 1724-1804; **Ralph Waldo Emerson**, 1803-1882; **James Martineau**, 1805-1900.

N. Conclusion and Home Applications.

Non-sectarian churches, social institutions, settlements, etc.

(See Page 191.)

UNITY

VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903. NUMBER 13

David Hume is reported as going to hear an eminent preacher preach what he did not believe, because the preacher himself did believe it. Emerson escaped from the pulpit because there was a tone of unreality in it. Let the preachers be fully persuaded in their own minds before they try to persuade others.

A writer in the *Dial* for May 16, in an article on "Emerson as a Public Speaker," quotes Lowell as saying, "He is the most steadily attractive lecturer in America." It ought to be an encouragement to preachers to remember that nearly everything that is published of Emerson's writings was first intended for the ear and not for the eye. Why, then, should preachers not hold hard to literary ideals and high literary standards in their pulpit work. To suppose that these standards are incompatible with popular power is to cheapen the pulpit, demoralize the preacher and disintegrate the congregation.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to our editorial co-worker, E. P. Powell, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, which was celebrated on the 9th of May, by some sixty of his friends at his charming home on College Hill, in Clinton, N. Y. Mr. Powell has proved himself past master of the art of growing old youthfully. By wise methods of living and a judicious admixture of manual and intellectual toil, he has already prolonged health and spiritual sanity beyond the usual period. He has once more demonstrated the fact that the sound activity of the mind is a better preservative of youth and strength than drugs. May he reach the hundred-year mark still young and vigorous in mind and body.

Apropos to the interesting testimony from James Bryce published in our Emerson column this week, it is interesting to come upon the testimony of the Rev. Camden M. Coburn, a Methodist minister of Chicago, who said in his commemorative sermon last Sunday:

"Just to see him for an hour was to get sudden knowledge of what he was and of what you might be. There was ever a radiance upon his face like that upon the face of Moses when he came down from his mountain top conversation with God. His first book only sold 500 copies in twelve years, but now the prime minister of Greece, the leading statesman of Russia, the most celebrated sage of India and all other thinkers of Europe and America have Emerson's works lying next to their hands to read with their sacred books each day. The greatest teachers of science and religions in England and America date their impulse to high thought to this man.

"We had no literature till he came. He not only gave us literature, but discovered the method by which a literary generation has been created. He not only wrote a new spiritual declaration of independence, but inspired the thinking youth with the desire to sign their names to it. Emerson was a revolt against the old Calvinism which thought of nature and man as a distortion and of the infinite God as only a little bit stronger than the devil. When he wrote, drops of light fell from his pen. When he spoke, vast horizons began to glow at daybreak. His ethics are the ethics of Christianity, his ideals are its ideals, and his inner light is the New Testament 'witness of the spirit.'"

The New York State Conference of Religions has launched upon a new method of propaganda. They have begun a monthly series of pamphlets which is to contain the addresses given before this organization. The first two numbers, for April and May, are before us, containing in all seven different addresses. Among the titles are "The Emphasis of Social Righteousness," "Social Salvation," "Moral Unity and Enthusiasm," "The Crisis in Morals in the Churches," "Religions Many; Religion One," "Can Jews and Christians Pray Together?" Among the authors we find the names of Rev. Dr. Maurice H. Harris, of New York; Prof. Edward W. Bemis, of Cleveland; Dr. Thomas C. Hall, of Union Theological Seminary; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar; Prof. Trumbull, of Yale; Prof. Jestro, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Josiah Strong, of New York, and others. Our readers will remember that this organization is working on parallel lines with the Congress of Religion, identical in aim, though limiting its activities to state lines. These pamphlets essentially carry the Unity message and we hope they will be widely read by UNITY readers. We should be glad of any suggestion by which these publications and UNITY can be made of mutual benefit one to the other. Single copies of the pamphlet are sold for ten cents each. For further particulars address the General Secretary, Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

It was a sad leave-taking at Unity Church, Chicago, last Sunday, when the pastor, Albert Lazenby, preached the good-bye sermon in the building made memorable not only by the far-reaching ministry of Robert Collyer, but by the far-reaching sympathies and contributions of the lovers of a humane religion. For this church was reared out of the ashes of its predecessor, which went down in the great fire of 1871, by means of funds contributed by the liberal people from all over the world. The Unitarians of England and America joined in contributing a rebuilding fund of some seventy-five thousand dollars, if our memory serves us right. From this time forth the building will be known as Unity Church no longer. Already it is undergoing the changes that will make it the temple of some mystic order, allied, we believe, with the Free Masons. The story of the decline of Unity Church is a familiar one, though we cannot say, as is so often said, that it is a story easily explained. It is the old complaint of the down-town church,—people moving away towards the suburbs, and the churches tagging along after them. And still there are plenty of people remaining. The schools and the saloons of that district are as full as they ever were. Probably more people dwell within the old territory than ever before, but they are not church-

going; at least, they will not go to the churches that were once built for that neighborhood. To account for the decline of these churches by the emigration of the people is simply to ask another question—What of those who remain? But we are not yet ready to give the answer to this question. Mr. Lazenby, with good judgment, took for his text, "The Permanency of Religion." He argued with a prophet's insight that, however contradictory facts may seem to be, the nature of man is a permanent factor to be dealt with, and the church of this kind or another is a permanent need of society. Whatever the future may be, Unity Church is justified of her children. It has echoed to high sentiments; it has quickened noble hearts; it has comforted distracted spirits; it has witnessed to earnest endeavor and sincere seeking. The ministry of Albert Lazenby has been worthy its predecessors. He came among us a stranger from a foreign land. He did not stay long enough to be thoroughly domesticated in this city, proverbially inhospitable to preachers, but he stayed long enough to reveal to us the scholarly qualities of his mind, the genial temper of his heart, and the manly spirit in it all. We are glad he came; we are sorry he is going. As he turns his face eastward he can console himself with the fact that he joins a brilliant but pathetic procession of Chicago ministers who have either been starved or lured eastward to find the appreciation they deserved and the constituency worthy of them.

The Emerson Centennial.

In his Waterville College address on "The Method of Nature," Emerson said nearly sixty-three years ago: "The land we live in has no interest so dear, if it knew its wants, as the fit consecration of days of reason and thought." The centennial of Emerson's birthday has come and gone, and, all things considered, its celebration has been a surprising one. The far-reaching interest, the readiness of the competent to promote, the absence of cavil and criticism, are all significant, very significant, in view of the wide-reaching distrust, the bitter theological antagonisms, the good-natured distrust of the would-be "practical man," which gathered around the name of Emerson during his life. It is true there are those who still delight in telling what Emerson is not and who see in him only a vanishing light. We are sorry that the *Literary Digest,* in the issue immediately preceding the birthday, found nothing in the current papers concerning Emerson more worthy of reproduction than comments of this nature: As quoted in the *Digest,* a Philadelphia paper sees the "declining popularity of the sage of Concord," and in strange defiance to publishers' statistics comes to the conclusion that "people do not read Emerson any more"; that he is "no longer a seer in literature or in life." And a Chicago literary magazine of fair fame publishes the statement that "Emerson is trivial and shallow and prosaic"; that "he has no central thought"; that "he has not the energy or the richness or the profundity to appeal to those who have fed upon the great poets and philosophers." The *Literary Digest* proceeds to say that even this author "finds much to admire in Emerson's philosophy and poetry," but it does not seem to consider it worth while to mention those admirable things. The task of demolishing Emerson is an easy one. He offers no resistance. People do not set their diamonds in cement and make a wall of them; limestone or granite is better for such purposes. But the world is foolish enough to set the sage above the philosopher; to cherish the poet rather than the logician. It may be a mistake, but, somehow in the estimate of history, Plato towers above Aristotle, Goethe is a more pervasive influence than Kant, and Shakespeare than Lord Bacon. It is foolish to rail at any one of these men because he is not the other man.

Over against the Philadelphia editor, we venture to quote from a private letter of Edwin D. Mead of Boston, who says: "Nothing has cheered me so much for a long time as the spontaneous and general way the public has taken hold of this Emerson centennial." And we believe it will be found when the reports are all in that the facts justify Mr. Mead's cheerfulness.

Our exchange table is loaded with centennial announcements. Special programs of memorial services are at hand from Indianapolis, St. Louis, Fargo, N. D., Rochester and San Francisco. At Dixon, Ill., and Janesville, Wis., the day was celebrated with picnic festivities. In connection with the picnic at the former place, a carefully prepared program was announced.

The schools throughout the country, from the country school house on the cross road to the university, take note of this great event. Harvard University, Emerson's alma mater, anticipated the day with three addresses to his memory on the week preceding. At the Boston public meeting President Eliot made the address and Professor Woodbury of Columbia read a poem. Colonel Higginson, Professor James and Professor Norton were on the program. At the Chicago University there was a Monday afternoon meeting at which Professor Dewey, Mr. Salter and others spoke. Here in Chicago at least a dozen of the leading pulpits of the city were devoted to the lessons suggested. One of the churches, of which Rev. Edward S. Ames is pastor, belongs to the Christian denominations. Four of them are Congregationalists. Rev. Willard Thorpe of the South Church re-enforced his sermon on Ralph Waldo Emerson by readings from his poetry. Dr. Berle of the Union Park Church, spoke of "Emerson as a Spiritual Liberator." Dr. Beaton of the Lincoln Park Church, spoke on "Emerson's Lessons to our Day," and Mr. Dewhurst of the University Church, on "Emerson as a Prophet of Liberty." Dr. Hirsch, Dr. Gunsaulus, Rev. Mr. White and Dr. Johonnot of Oak Park, preached on Emerson. Dr. Coburn of the St. James Methodist Church spoke of Emerson as "One of the Great Men I Have Known." Rev. Mr. Backus of the Third Unitarian Church spoke on "What Unitarians Owe to Emerson." Mr. Pulsford spoke

on Emerson both at the Church of the Messiah and Memorial Chapel, and Mrs. Richmond of the Church of the Soul spoke of "The Life and Work of Emerson from the Standpoint of the Spirit." The Institutional Church (colored), Thirty-ninth and Dearborn, issued a special program and sang the Emerson hymn, "Stainless soldier on the wall." There were five addresses, all by colored people. At All Souls Church Mr. Jones preached in the morning on "The Message of Emerson," and in the evening a special program was carried out consisting of readings from the Divinity School Address, responsive readings from Emerson, an address on "The Message of Emerson to Education," by Prof. Monin of Armour Institute; "Emerson's Appeal to the Youth," by Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe of the Northwestern University; "One of Emerson's Neighbors—Henry Thoreau," by Ernest McGaffey, the poet; "The Christ Life and Emerson," by Prof. John J. Halsey of Lake Forest University, and the closing word by Mr. Jones. Long before the opening of the meeting the church was crowded; many went away for want of standing room.

And this is all for the man who, in his lifetime was so much avoided by the churches, distrusted and disowned even by the most liberal of the Christian denominations. His own alma mater extended to him the "cold shoulder" rather than the "glad hand" for some thirty years. It took ten years to exhaust the edition of five hundred of his first little book entitled "Nature." Twenty years later, twenty-five hundred copies of his "Conduct of Life" were disposed of in two weeks.

But UNITY must not repeat itself. For the last three months the face of Emerson has beamed on its pages, its columns have been enriched by "appreciations," and our material is not yet exhausted. We have no fear that UNITY readers will tire of Emerson.

Such a centennial as this cannot be confined to a day. It is not Emerson's birthday, but Emerson's birthyear, and when the churches and the clubs have achieved their little programs to their specialized constituency we look for another recognition more fitting and more effective, a recognition if not on the part of the public, still in the interest of the public unclassified and undissected.

If Emerson was anything he was a cosmopolitan. His personality promptly throws off all adjectives, and he is only adequately honored when the love and respect for him rises above club limits, church lines or scholastic circles. For Emerson was the poet reformer, the patriot and the philanthropist in his life, and, being dead, he yet speaketh the message of unity and the higher combination. He was a great "merger" in affairs of the spirit. He saw the wastefulness of the competitive method in religion and in morals and called for a pooling of sympathies, of energies, of intelligence, in the interest of the better day.

Before the end of this Emerson centennial year we hope to record many union meetings, greetings across lines, by schools and churches, by clubs and coteries, in honor of Emerson, who, as Lowell has said, "Makes us feel that we are good for something in the world."

Three Sonnets of Patriotism.

WASHINGTON—JEFFERSON—LINCOLN.

By Rev. Chas. E. Perkins.

WASHINGTON.

Thou went'st reluctant in the mighty task,
  Strong, self-reliant, steadfast, true and brave,
  Of mien impressive and of manners grave,
In movement stately, weighty of speech and wise:
And the calm greatness of thy manhood's guise
  Was but the vesture of thy noble soul,
  Faithful to right as needle to the pole,
Scornful of meanness, selfishness and lies.
  In youth with wisdom far beyond thy age,
  Thy counsel showed the foresight of the sage:
Called in mid-years thy country's arms to lead,
  Thou went'st reluctant to the mighty task,
Yet proved thyself in the great time of need
  Fertile in all that freedom's cause could ask.
Nor less in peace than in th' ensanguined strife
  Thou gavest to thy country righteous power;
And in thy death thy grand, heroic life
  Became the patriot's noblest, highest dower.

JEFFERSON.

Statesman far-seeing, laying broad and deep
  The principles of justice and of right:
  Hater of darkness, lover of the light,
Believer in the force of truth to keep
Mankind upon the rugged path and steep
  Of honor, duty, liberty and law:—
  Bending before ideals with reverent awe,
Conscious of God in history's great sweep:—
  To thy great mind and friendly heart we owe
  The charter of our rights. Thou didst bestow
A boon to all the world when thou didst write
  The Declaration of Man's Liberties.
The tyrant's cruelty, the despot's blight
  Were shaken by it on their thrones of lies.
God keep us true to that heaven-honored creed,
  And save us in our day of wealth and power
From tyrannies new-born, and heartless greed,
  As God did save in the past's crisis hour.
Champion of all that makes for manhood's worth,
Spirit of Jefferson, leave not our earth!

LINCOLN.

Born to a birth-right of unlightened toil,
  Cradled in poverty, inured to want,
  In all but parent-love thy childhood scant,
As fate all hope of future high would foil;
Thy heritage the strange, mysterious coil
  Of impulses from ancestry unknown
  Mixed with fresh gifts from God's soul to thy own,
Struggling to grow in the rude, backwoods soil:—
  Who in thy cramped, pinched early years could see
  The Prophet-Leader of the years to be?
Who could have guessed that on thy life obscure
A nation's fate depended; that a poor
Down-trodden race should owe, one day, to thee
The act that broke their chains and set them free?
Yet Lincoln, thy forlorn youth did foré-run
  Service as great as man on earth has given.
Thy fame shall last while shines fair freedom's sun,
  And men revere the justice, dear to heaven.

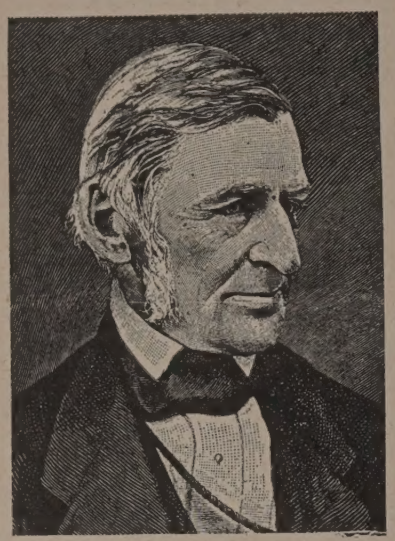
(Keosauqua, Iowa. For Decoration Day, 1903.)

The title of the forthcoming novel by Mr. James Lane Allen has been changed. Instead of *Crypts of the Heart*, it will be called *The Mettle of the Pasture*. The title is taken from a line in Shakespeare. Several years ago Mr. Allen was engaged upon a novel, which was announced as bearing the title *The Mettle of the Pasture*. That work was a long historical novel of Kentucky life. Various reasons led the author some years since to change his purpose in regard to finishing and publishing it. Out of it has grown a new novel, having the same title, but bearing no relation to the historic field of the early study. The new novel is designed to contain a modern American story simply.

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



(Copyright.)

XIV.

Emerson.

Once on a crowded city street I heard it said,
That Emerson was dead:
It gave me pause as one who hears far off, alone,
A funeral service read.

Clear, shining soul! My friend for many years,
Who never saw my face;
Companion, comforter, and presence dear,
Where'er my dwelling place.

Known to me through the printed page alone,
Naught breaks the constant spell,
And Emerson, for me, will never die,
Nor need I say farewell.

Frances Ekin Allison.

Emerson's Nun's Aspiration.

By W. T. Harris.

It has been my experience, as the years go by, to find the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson separating from the other writings of the nineteenth century by wider and wider intervals. This is notably the case with his prose writings, but eminently so with his poetry. I think that when the literary critic of that century shall appear he will select Emerson from all others as the representative poet. For the poet is measured in his merit by his power to turn the prosaic facts of his day into spiritual symbols. He must make what is opaque and mechanical in its nature transparent and illustrative of the soul. Now Mr. Emerson, it seems to me, has elevated into poetic significance, out of their prosaic commonplace, a hundred facts or events where other poets of his century, less fortunate in their genius, have been able to spiritualize only a dozen facts or perhaps only one. I will illustrate my meaning by a brief commentary upon the short poem called "The Nun's Aspiration."

This poem is remarkable for its portrayal of a New England Mystic—a transcendentalist soul of the Calvinistic type before the appearance of the German type.

An outline of the poem contains first the statement of the dreariness of time.

I. THE POEM INTERPRETED.

1. Yesterdays do not smile upon her as she calls them up in memory. The present day goes on full of drudgery, and when she thinks of the morrow she invokes the name of God and defies all that it (the morrow) can bring, for she is fully resolved to take no delight in things earthy and to keep her mind fixed on things divine and heavenly.

The yesterday doth never smile,
The day goes drudging through the while,
Yet, in the name of Godhead, I
The morrow front, and can defy;
Though I am weak, yet God, when prayed,
Cannot withhold his conquering aid.

2. It was the thought of this aspiring nun even in childhood that if Providence should deny her "life's fair picture of delight" and make her career a blot, she would accept her lot with contentment.

Ah me! it was my childhood's thought,
If he should make my web a blot
On life's fair picture of delight,
My heart's content would find it right.

3. But she is in the presence of autumn scenes. Nature is grieving over the passing of summer. She sees in all this the "altar God hath built" on which to sacrifice the finite and imperfect beings which creative nature has brought forth in its brief time period of spring and summer. She lays her own vanity and guilt on this altar, that is to say, she regards her temporal life in the flesh as inherited sin and guilt, and she rejoices in the thought of its annihilation through time. In the presence of the "lofty dirge" of nature, the autumn blasts, the somber clouds, nature's high and dim funeral, her passions are still and her hopes of earthly happiness are laid aside. There is no allurement in them.

But O, these waves and leaves,
When happy stoic Nature grieves,
No human speech so beautiful
As their murmurs mine to lull.
On this altar God hath built
I lay my vanity and guilt;
Nor me can Hope or Passion urge
Hearing as now the lofty dirge
Which blasts of Northern mountains hymn,
Nature's funeral high and dim,—
Sable pageantry of clouds,
Mourning summer laid in shrouds.

4. Time will roll on and her grave on the earth will be forgotten amid the splendid tombs which autumn makes for the blooms of spring and summer.

This whole life seems to the aspiring nun a dream. It is a shadow of true being. Everything here is transitory and partial. Time allows only some of the possibilities to be realized in any given present moment. The other potentialities of true being have unfolded in the past and now are no more; or else they will unfold in the future and are yet to be. She desires to leave this life in order to come into the full possession of being, into the eternal state of perfection and wholeness of existence. Aged Time need not shake his head at her, for he cannot threaten her. He can only announce to her the joyous change from a dream life of mere seeming to a waking life of true being after death. She challenges him to hurry. He cannot fly fast enough through the remaining days of her life.

Many a day shall dawn and die,
Many an angel wander by,
And passing, light my sunken turf
Moist perhaps by ocean surf,
Forgotten amid splendid tombs.
Yet wreathed and hid by summer blooms,
On earth I dream! I die to be:
Time, shake not thy bald head at me.
I challenge thee to hurry past
Or from my turn to fly too fast.

5. She tells Time that it is not the decrepitude of age that disgusts her with life; nor is it the worry of providing for the body, the care of feeding the earthly body with earthly food; nor is it the twisted beams of the cord of love attaching her to other earthly beings; nor is she suffering in her body through sensitiveness to the extremes of heat and cold, or of moisture and dryness, health and disease.

> Think me not numbed or halt with age,
> Or cares that earth to earth engage.
> Caught with love's cord of twisted beams
> Or mired by climate's gross extremes.

6. The true reason for her longing for death is her The true reason for her longing for death is her weariness of shams, the shows of earth, the imperfection of beings which are whelmed in the sea of incessant change. She desires above all things to be and not to seem. Like the comet that spurns the narrow orbits of the planets and explores the wide realms of space, she desires to pass into perfect being, which the limited Aeons of time cannot embrace in fullness. Each one of these Aeons can tardily unfold one realm after another, but cannot contain all at once the "extent untold" of perfect being.

> I tire of shams, I rush to be:
> I pass with yonder comet free,—
> Pass with the comet into space
> Which mocks thy Aeons to embrace;
> Aeons which tardily unfold
> Realm beyond realm,—extent untold;

7. In true being there are no fragments, a morning succeeded by an evening, a day succeeded by a night, but each moment contains the entire fullness of being. Each realm, instead of depending upon another to make up its defects, is complete in itself and not subject to invasion or violence from outside fate. The shining sons of heaven are too great for fame because fame can treat only of that which is exceptional and extraordinary. Where the ordinary and the entire course of life and all its surroundings are at the highest point, fame can report nothing because it lacks the contrasts necessary for its portrayals.

> No early morn, no evening late,—
> Realms self-upheld, disdaining Fate,
> Whose shining sons, too great for fame,
> Never heard thy weary name.

8. The weary name of time is not heard there; the tragic bard does not dwell there, and there is no memory of the dreary earth life of the aspiring nun in the Aeon of time to which she belonged, nor indeed is there any memory of that Aeon itself or of any of the other Aeons; no memory of these lame portions of time which one and all leaned on the crutches furnished by the other portions of time and limped away one after the other.

9. Valentinus, the Gnostic, had thirty Aeons extending from the Absolute One down to matter. An Aeon is a complete cycle of time, but this is not all. An Aeon in the Neoplatonic philosophy is a complete cycle of being. The basis of the thought is borrowed from what Plato calls *idea*. An idea is an independent being, self active and having intellect and will.

Aeon as used here by Emerson is a portion of time and not a perfect being, as was signified by Gnosticism. Time has Aeons or ages or epochs. These portions of time gradually unfold realms of perfect being. If a perfect being is unfolded in time it is made imperfect through the separation of its parts by time. A part has been unfolded in the past; a part is being unfolded today; another part remains to be unfolded in the future. All these parts put together would make the perfect reality. But taken in succession neither is perfect. The Aeon therefore used in this sense as a portion of time is a producer of "lapse" or imperfect being. Over against this are the realms of perfect being which are "tardily unfolded" by the Aeons or periods of time. These realms, the perfect realization of the ideal, are "self-upheld" and they "disdain fate." Fate is external constraint, external modification or change. These realms being perfect have no potentialities unrealized and therefore cannot change so as to become less or more. They are mortal and "their shining sons" are "too great for fame" because being perfected spirits they are not involved in any struggle. Fame does not touch that which abides and remains the same. Fame touches that which is extraordinary and treats of it in comparison with the ordinary. Where all is perfect, fame has nothing to say with regard to its events. The realm of eternal perfection has never heard the weary name of time.

Time is weary and disgusting, because it deals with the unfolding of the perfect in terms of the imperfect. In those perfect realms to which the pious nun aspires to attain after her death in this life, there is no trace of the vicissitudes of time. A succession of imperfect beings neither exists there nor occupies the thoughts of the shining inhabitants. Hence there lives no "tragic bard" there because tragedies narrate the fate of imperfect things and events—imperfection whelmed under the stream of time. No tragedies exist nor are thought of in realms self-upheld. The earthly life of the nun seems to her tragic and also the entire contents of these Aeons of time seem tragic. In that realm will exist no memory of the drear part which she held in one of the Aeons of time. And there will not any more exist the memory of any of these lame Aeons which have limped away. As an Aeon contains only imperfection, a sort of dismemberment of perfection and the existence of one member after another spread out and torn, limb from limb, by time, the Aeon is called lame and limping. No tragic bard will tell in the nun's Heaven of the part that she held (or acted) in one Aeon nor how lame other Aeons limped away.

> Nor lives the tragic bard to say
> How drear the part I held in one,
> How lame the other limped away.

II. THE NUN'S DIARY.

In the lectures and biographical sketches published after Mr. Emerson's death is a paper on Mary Moody Emerson, the original "nun" whose aspiration is described in this poem. Many selections are brought forward from her diary, furnishing clews to several of the divisions of the poems as above discussed. I have numbered the following paragraphs to correspond to the divisions I have made to bring out the sequences of thought, and indicated the pages where they may be found in the essay in the tenth volume of Mr. Emerson's collected works.

1. It was the choice of the Eternal that gave the glowing seraph his joys and to me my vile imprisonment. I adore him. It was his will that gave my superiors to shine in wisdom, friendship and ardent pursuits, while I pass my youth, its last traces, in the veriest shades of ignorance and complete destitution of society. I praise him. (P. 391.)

2. I felt that I had promised him in youth that to be a blot on this fair world, at his command, would be acceptable. Constantly offer myself to continue the obscurest and loneliest thing ever heard of, with one proviso—his agency. (P. 399-400.)

Folly follows me as the shadow does the form. Yet my whole life devoted to find some new truth which will link me closer to God. And the simple principle which made me say, in youth and laborious poverty, that, should he make me a blot on the fair face of

his creation, I should rejoice in his will, has never been equaled, though it returns in the long life of destitution like an angel. (P. 389.)

3. (Speaking sadly the thoughts suggested by the rich autumn landscape around her) "Ah! as I walked out this afternoon, so sad was wearied Nature that I felt her whisper to me, 'Even these leaves you used to think my better emblems, have lost their charm on me, too, and I weary of my pilgrimage—tired that I must again be clothed in the grandeurs of winter, and anon be bedizened in flowers and cascades. (P. 387.)

4. O Time! Thou loiterer. Thou, whose might has laid low the vastest and crushed the worm, restest on thy hoary throne, with like potency over the agitations and thy graves. When will thy routines give way to higher and lasting institutions? When thy trophies and thy name and all its wizard forms be lost in the Genius of Eternity? In Eternity, no deceitful promises, no fantastic illusions, no riddle concealed by thy shrouds, none of thy Arachnean webs, which decoy and destroy. Hasten to finish thy motley work, on which frightful Gorgons are at play, spite of holy ghosts. 'Tis already moth-eaten and its shuttles quaver, as the beams of the loom are shaken. (P. 375.)

The mystic dream which is shed over the season. O to dream more deeply; to lose eternal objects a little more!

5. Even Fame, which lives in other states of Virtue, palls. Usefulness, if it requires action, seems less like existence than the desire of being absorbed in God, retaining consciousness. (P. 398.)

III. THE DEFECT OF CALVIN'S TOO EXCLUSIVE EMPHASIS ON THE DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

The heresy of orientalism consists in this, that it denies God's goodness or grace. It makes creation to be a lapse from holiness instead of a display of grace. Buddhism knows not of the cradle of Time and Space in which God matures into independence the souls that he constantly creates, giving moral freedom and true individuality.

From London.

Though I have kept your request in mind, I regret to say that it has been quite impossible for me to find time to write such an appreciation of Mr. Emerson as you requested. All I can do—and when I look at the date you mention, I fear that this may be too late—is to express the admiration which my personal acquaintance with Mr. Emerson, slight as it was, inspired in me for him. There was something exquisitely gentle and polished in his manner, such a candor and openness in his mind, such an unaffected simplicity in his bearing and conversation, that one felt drawn to him from the first. My acquaintance with him began on the top of a stage coach in the White Mountains, in the dark, and after a little talk I began to wonder to myself who the person could be who talked on the topics that came up with such mildly illuminative wisdom, and whose voice was full of such delicate and expressive modulations. Believe me,

Faithfully yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

House of Commons, May 15, 1903.

From Bohemia.

You were kind enough to invite me to send an appreciation of Emerson; as I never studied Emerson's works thoroughly, I should not dare to give my opinion, and from a special study I just now am detained by other studies.

My first acquaintance with Emerson was, so to say, indirect, by his "Parnassus" (1878), which book was given to my wife by one of her aunts; then I became interested in Emerson's connection with my studies of religious matters, especially of American Unitarianism. I have the general impression that Emerson is too intellectual, and I see the sharpest expression of his intellectualism in his theory of Representative Men. I hardly can understand how a member of Brook Farm can imagine that men are representatives of ideas! But even from his strong individualistic point of view this theory always puzzled me. Of course, I see that Emerson did not intend to give an elaborate and all-consistent system of his philosophy, being, it seems to me, a "representative man" of that philosophy, which by Renan was styled dilettantism. (I use this term in Renan's strict sense of the word—not as a disqualification!) Had I the time, I could show, I think, that in Emerson is to be felt some lack of a noetical (*Erksnaut-misstheoretisch*) foundation.

I often read that Emerson is an American thinker; I confess not to be quite able to appreciate this dictum, often I am in doubt about it.

Though I am inclined to look at Emerson rather critically, I can nevertheless say that I like him, at least I try to make him known in our Bohemian literature. I publish in my own review a translation of Emerson's essays on Nature, and hope soon to be able to publish a collection of translations of his various essays and writings.

PROF. THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK.

Prague, 28-4, '3.

From the Most Northerly City.

Dear UNITY: A year or two ago I sat for the first time, on Christmas Day, in the Unitarian Church in Kristiania, the church of freedom and light. Darkness must vanish and the light and warmth of Emerson's thought must dispel it before Norway becomes the nation it may be. When our great optimistic poet, Bjornstjerne Bjornson wished to create lighter, better, healthier conditions in Norway through two of his best books, he brought the chief characters in them from America. We read the books again and again, wishing that the fresh, glowing life from America might come to us, not only in books, but in reality.

Then Tambs Lyche came, the best you could send us. But he was made to feel that victory over the dark conditions and gloomy views of life was not to be won so quickly as described in Bjornson's books. A Carlyle's rough strength was needed if one would see quick effects, and Tambs Lyche was more of an Emerson nature. Normen needed "pickaxes" to prepare the way, and Tambs Lyche as little as his great teacher Emerson was fitted to teach with "pickaxes." He chose rather to reach his landsmen's thought by other means. Through "Kringsjau"—(The Round Look) he brought us messages from all lands. But with each number he took occasion to give his readers what he felt they needed most,—pictures of the far lighter conditions in the new world, biographies of the men New England had to thank for its spiritual development, and first among these, *Emerson*. He gave us the best he had to give. He worked himself to death for a stubborn folk. Only five years did his strength hold out in our cold, dark Norway. His biographer said of him after his death, "He died of a spiritual chill." It is little flattering for us that so good and pure a soul as Tambs Lyche could not thrive in our cold spiritual climate.

But the seed he was allowed to sow in his all too short life, will, spite of cold, unreceptive minds, bear fruit. Since his death there are already many glad signs of spring, the spring he never doubted would come. He knew it was only a question of time before the ice would melt. In that faith he left us gladly, thankful that he was permitted to give his country the last five years of his life and work.

Therefore, deep-felt thanks to you that you first let his warm, rich nature develop over there in your milder climate, then sent him back to show us in word and life how far Emerson's land was in advance of ours. J. F. TIBERG.

Hammerfest, Norway.

Why?

One, who for years had truly served the State,
Laid by at last the burden of a life
Which throbbed with weariness of thought and strife,
And found the rest which holds all soon or late.
Then to his home went men with eyes cast down,
Men who had never proffered him the bread
Of sympathy; but, now that he was dead,
Talked of his honor and his great renown,
And, to the woman who felt deepest pain
(Knowing Fame's barrenness to him, apart,)
Said they had always loved him for his heart,
Which held above all things his country's gain.
A silence; then there rose a cry of woe
From her sad soul, where bitter sorrow lay.
"Oh, if you loved him dearly, as you say,
Why did you never think to tell him so?"

MARY LIVINGSTON BURDICK.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

On the Table lies, from G. P. Putnam Company, The Great Siberian Railway. This is the record of a journey taken by the author, Michael Myers Shoemaker, in the spring of 1902, across Siberia, on the new railway—the first great Russian enterprise of the twentieth century. The author has endeavored to place himself in the position of the Russians, and to view their greatest achievement from their standpoint. Leaving the subject of politics and prisons to other writers, he restricts his work to a description of the railway, and of the country through which it passes. We are entering a century of great material achievements, and anyone who wishes to know the age, and feel its heart throbs, must keep keenly alive to what is going on. We shall soon have a railroad from The Cape to Cairo; and another all up and down the spine of the American continent, from Alaska to Patagonia. The Valley of the Amazon is to be opened to civilization. The Pacific ocean is to be the center of life and traffic. The Philippines will be allowed to become part of a great Oriental confederacy, or republic; and the Monroe Doctrine will be applied to all the world.

I promised a more careful review of another book from G. P. Putnam's Sons,—The American Republic and Its Government. I was not quite sure, from the cursory examination that I could give, that it had not been written under the spell of that ruinous centralization, which has had its swing in America since the Civil War. I was in hopes that the author followed the path of that other great son of Michigan, Judge Cooley, in advocating the legitimate principles of federal democracy. I am glad to say that I am not disappointed. The book is fearless in dealing with decisions of the Supreme Court; a courage that just now is very much needed. If we go to our death, it will be by making a fetish of the only autocratic element of our government. I can recommend this volume as a compact, admirable study of American institutions. It is just what was needed for thoughtful people, who desire to be true citizens.

Since making a note of the Crawford Strawberry catalogue, I have received an armful of catalogues, advertising everything under the sun. For UNITY readers two or three of them may be specially valuable. The greatest rose growers in the United States are the Dingee, Conard Company, of West Gove, Pa., absolutely reliable. James Vick's Sons, of Rochester, are as honest as James Vick, the father, was, which is saying a good deal. His reputation was notable throughout the United States. I am specially pleased with Storrs, Harrison & Co.'s catalogue, of Painesville, Ohio, because it sends choice and rare trees, at low figures, by *mail*—of course, they are mailing size. At Berlin, N. Y., there are seventy-five acres of land devoted to growing gladioli. It is called the Meadowvale Farm, and is managed by Arthur Cowee. UNITY readers will thank me for calling attention to this handful of choice catalogues; which anyone can get for writing for them.

A book reaches me from the author, R. C. Douglass, published by Lee, Shepard & Co., of Boston. The book professes to contain lessons in practical Christian metaphysics. The author is unquestionably a man of good intent and kindly spirit, into whom has been injected, from time to time, some disconnected conceptions of the universe, physical and moral. There is considerable truth in the book; and, apart from the fact that it is a jumble, it has no great harm in it—possibly some good.

The Tar Heeled Baron, by Mabell S. C. Pelton, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, is one of the really good novels of this spring's issue. The Baron is a character that one may love. He is a gentleman, in the right sense of the word. The book is clean, and strong, and healthful; and the atmosphere of it is every way ennobling. It is a book that you can take into your family, or place in a school library. Besides you will find a lot of pleasure in the freshness and novelty of the characters, and the situation—a really good book for almost anybody.

I have had two novels placed on the Table, both of which I put aside until I can find some safe disposition of them. One of them is In Piccadilly, and the other is Youth. The first is a disagreeable, poisonous affair, and the latter, which poses as a realistic novel,—a volume of sea stories,—is pessimistic, vulgar in atmosphere, and in no way comparable to the sea stories of Frank Bullen. Neither of these books is safe or wholesome.

From McClure, Phillips & Co., I get Conjurer's House, by Mr. White, who wrote The Blazed Trail. I said so much in favor of his glorious work, The Blazed Trail, that I wish I could say just as much for Conjurer's House. It certainly is a capital story, and is wholesome, noble, and entertaining. But there is about it that fatal atmosphere of haste. The Blazed Trail had no publishing house in mind; but Conjurer's House evidently had the publishers in sight of the author.

The Independent has recently published a most remarkable article from the pen of Mr. Wallace, the great evolutionist, who discusses the position of our world in relation to the universe, and the probability of other worlds being inhabited. Mr. Wallace is answered in the next number by Prof. Pickering, of Harvard. It must be allowed that Prof. Pickering punches holes through Mr. Wallace's argument. The discussion is eminently strong and timely.

I am glad to see that the last volume of Reports from the Commissioner of Education opens with a thorough review of Co-education, by our friend, David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford. It is one of those thoroughly honest pieces of work which we might expect from his pen. E. P. POWELL.

All These Things Added.

In vivid purple and gold binding, comes from England this addition* to the flood of "new thought" literature which threatens to engulf us. The foreword says it is "for those whose souls have been prepared for the acceptance of its teaching," which to the present reviewer does not signify a large constituency.

The soul's hunger for righteousness and how it is to be met furnishes the theme of Part I. It sets forth the contrast between the competitive laws and the law of love. The method of attaining freedom from selfishness begins with self-examination and self-analysis, and continues through surrender of desire, surrender of opinion, and surrender of self. The process is summed up as "the regulation and purification of conduct" and "simplification of the mind." Part II deals with the nature of inward perfection, finding the "Divine Centre" within one's own heart, emphasizing the reality of the *now*, exhorting to a return to Original Simplicity, and declaring that Unfailing Wisdom consists in detachment from outward things and dependence upon inward virtue. The last half-dozen chapters present the divine man in several aspects of blessedness.

There is throughout the book a confusion between the inner life and outward experience which goes far to vitiate the whole. The author overlooks the true nature of personality and practically ignores the reciprocal dependence of all human beings, even at the moment of insisting upon the paramount importance of love and the binding force of duty. The thought does not advance in orderly fashion, though the chapters are short and there is a commendable effort to achieve clearness and simplicity. E. H.

The Things that Abide.

This little volume* contains nine sermons delivered at considerable intervals of time to shifting audiences of Stanford University students. There is throughout, in the words of the preface, "the frankest recognition of what science and criticism have accomplished, yet always with the endeavor to emphasize the abiding realities of the spiritual life." The sermons which follow entirely live up to this promise.

A volume of sermons must be very good to attract readers in these days. This is such a volume. The whole spirit is fair, sincere and fine. There is no glossing over difficulties or shrinking from ugly facts, but the grasp of principles is so broad that the proportion of cheer is maintained without apparent effort. The literary style is unaffectedly simple and often rises into beauty. Quotable passages abound. The younger generation which is so often educated at college out of formal Christianity will find here much that is helpful. E. H.

Studies of a Biographer.

In these two volumes we have fifteen chapters, thirteen of them treating biographical subjects, the fourteenth a literary subject, "The Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature;" the fifteenth, "In Praise of Walking," a departure from all the others in its characteristic note, and a very pleasant one. Sir Leslie's position as a writer on biographical subjects was long since assured. His work on the great Dictionary of Natural Biography heightened his rank a good deal, while, at the same time, his gravitation to that work marked the weight of his precedent reputation. It is not impossible or improbable that his manner as a biographer has been affected for the worse by his association with the great Dictionary. There, ever present, was the demand for condensation and the judicial tone, the law imposed upon the writer that he must not let himself go, that he must be nothing if not critical. Yet, after all, the wonder is that Sir Leslie Stephen has been so little injured by a course of work so likely to prove refrigerating and benumbing in its effect. That Sir Leslie lacks enthusiasm there is little doubt, no doubt; but here we have the original temper of his mind, not an acquired trait.

The list of Sir Leslie's thirteen biographical subjects in these volumes is a very interesting one. It includes "Shakespeare as a Man," "New Lights on Milton," "Emerson," "Trollope," "Stevenson," "The Browning Letters," then a long leap back to "Donne," after whom come "Ruskin" and an antipodal figure, "William Godwin," "Walter Bagehot," "Froude" and "Huxley" bringing up the end of the column. Everywhere the ground taken is high in reason, able if not quite convincing. Nowhere is the criticism ungenerous. Sir Leslie's distaste for Ruskin's medialism does not prevent his giving the *Præterita* as "one of the most charming examples of the most charming kind of literature," and his rejection of Froude's glorification of Henry and Elizabeth consists with his recognition that Froude's sympathy with despotic remedies was rooted in strong, though misdirected, moral sentiments. In general we have here an admirable body of assistance for those who would be glad to think justly on the subjects which are here subjected to a strong and skilful hand. J. W. C.

*All These Things Added, by James Allen. London, The Savoy Publishing Co.

*The Things that Abide, by Orrin Leslie Elliot. The Murdock Press, San Francisco.

Studies of a Biographer. By Leslie Stephen. Second series, Vols III, IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HABIT OF SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

Proverbs or Verses.

"He that does not speak the truth to me, does not believe me when I speak the truth."

"He that does not fully speak the truth, is a traitor to it.—*Latin.*

"No crime is more infamous than the violation of truth."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"Oil and truth will get uppermost at last."

"Though malice may darken truth, it cannot put it out."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshipers."—*Bryant.*

"Truth gives a short answer; lies go round about."

"Truth hath a quiet breast."—*Shakespeare.*

"Truth is above everything else, though truth is not always agreeable."

"Truth is mighty and will prevail."

"Truth is a daughter of time."

"Truth needs not many words, but a false tale a large preamble."

"Truth seeks no corner."

"A thousand probabilities do not make one truth."—*Italian.*

"Equivocation is first cousin to a lie."

"Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter."—*Milton.*

Dialogue.

Does it always come easy to tell the truth? "No," you smile. But why not? "It is quite the contrary," you answer; "oftentimes it comes very hard to tell the truth."

And what do we call the opposite of the truth, when we use plain language? "A lie," you say. Yes. And do you suppose it ever happens that people tell lies? "Of course, many people do," you assert.

Do you mean straight, clear, unvarnished lies, with

no whitewash, no effort to deceive ones self into make-believe as if one were telling the trtuh? "Yes," you insist, "people will tell plain, downright lies."

How often, do you suppose; once in a lifetime? "It depends on the person," you reply. Can you really think of anybody telling a lie more than once; I mean a straight, out-and-out lie, where a man knows plainly that he is lying? Would not once be enough for a lifetime?

"Oh," you add, "if he did it once, it would be all the more reason why he probably would tell another lie and still another." After all, is it not easier to tell the truth than to tell a lie? "It depends on the occasion," you suggest.

In what way, do you mean? "Why," you say, "the temptation might be great, or the misfortune might be very severe; that would come upon a person if he told the truth."

But how do you suppose a man would feel after having told the truth when it came hard, or after telling a lie when he really hated to do so? Under which circumstances would he feel easier in mind?

"It would depend," you explain, "on how many times he had told lies."

Yes, I suppose that is true. And what do we call the man who tells lies? "A liar."

Tell me now, candidly, which would you rather suffer from a man, if you had to have one experience or the other, would you rather have him strike you, or tell you a downright lie? Do you know, there are persons who would choose the first? How do you account for this?

"Oh," you say, "a lie seems so awfully mean." Yes, but if so how is it that people can tell lies? "Perhaps because they are mean people," you suggest.

Do you think they were mean people when they first began to tell the lies? "No, not ncessarily," you answer. Do you assume it comes natural to be a liar? "No," you insist, "it would be far more natural to tell the straight truth just as one knows it."

But you said to me at the outset that telling the truth often came hard. "True," you add, "but that is because doing this may cost us considerable in one way or another, or be to our disadvantage. What is more," you assure me, "people do not tell the truth to us always, and that makes it harder for us to be truthful to them."

You mean to imply that one liar tends to make another liar? "It looks that way," you admit.

As a rule, if a man were to be called either a fool or a liar, which would seem to be the greater blow to his honor? "Either one would be bad enough," you answer. Yes, that is true; and yet do you know, that about the worst blow to a person's honor, according to the feeling in human beings for hundreds of years past, has been when a man says, "You lie?"

Why is this, do you suppose? Why should he care? When he is called a fool, is not that worse? It is saying in so many words that he has a weak mind.

"True," you reply, "a man may have a weak mind and yet have honor, or character." It would look, then, as if somehow the human race, at least since civilization began, has felt that about the lowest charge which could be made against a man was to call him a liar

Do you know, for instance, what a duel means? As a rule, we do not have them nowadays. "Yes," you explain, "it is when two men challenge each other to fight to the death, each trying to shoot or to kill the other."

And are you aware that a great many of the most awful duels in former times have occurred on account of that one charge? It was felt that if a man accused another of being a liar, it was the duty of the other man to challenge the first to a duel to the death.

Nowadays we feel that the right of life and death is not in our own hands, and that it is not our privilege to punish another in that way, even where the other deserves it. But I tell you this, in order that you may know how human beings have felt about the indignity or meanness of a lie.

But why should we care, for instance, if a man tells us a lie? It might not effect us one way or the other. Suppose we know that it is a lie. What difference does it make?

"Oh, but," you say, "it does make a difference; "it is treating us as if we were not fit persons to whom the truth should be told"

You mean that telling a lie to a man is treating him like a brute? Then, lying, for instance, is something more than just telling what is not true. It is a slur upon the honor of the man to whom the lie is told. It mean and low.

By the way, have you ever heard the word "honor"? "Oh, yes," you say. What do you suppose it means? For instance, it is sometimes said that a man has lost his honor. What would you understand by it? "Why," you explain, "it would show that he has done something so that people could no longer put confidence in him." And what would that imply? "It would mean that he would lie," you answer.

If, on the other hand, we say of a man that he is a thoroughly honorable man, what does it suggest? "As to that," you tell me, "it means that he can be trusted; that people always feel sure in their dealings with him that he will deal squarely, that he will be true and tell the truth."

What is it, then, that usually goes with truth-speaking as a habit? "Trust," you answer. Yes, quite so, trust in a man's honor. Men who speak the truth always, without any exceptions, are men who are to be trusted.

But why is it that some men are not considered to be exactly dishonorable, or men who have lost their honor; and yet, on the other hand, when they are mentioned it is felt, that they could not be *quite* altogether trusted?

"Oh," you add, "it means that they do not always tell the *exact* truth; that they try to get around it; that they equivocate." Would it imply that they had the habit of telling lies? "Not quite that," you answer, "it would be not telling the whole plain truth."

How is it that one can equivocate, without necessarily telling a downright lie? "That is easy enough," you answer, "one can leave out part of what is true, or change the impression of what one is saying by a look on the face; or one can use words in one way when one knows that others do not understand them quite in the way one is using them."

And what do you call that? "Equivocation?" Yes, and what kind of a lie do we sometimes term it? "A white lie," you say.

Have you any idea how such a name ever arose? "Well, for instance," you tell me, "it may have come about because people would try to deceive and yet, as it were, whiten over what they were telling, so that it would not be altogether a lie."

As a rule, how do you suppose that people who have fallen into the habit of telling downright lies of the blackest kind, began the habit? "Oh, probably by equivocating or telling what we call white lies."

You mean that this would make it easier by and by for a man to get into the habit of telling any kind of a lie whatever? "Yes, surely," you answer.

But which habit would you say was the easier to acquire; the habit of telling lies, or the habit of telling the truth? "It depends on circumstances," you tell me; "if a man is living with other people who are given to telling lies, it will be easier for him to fall into the same habit." Then lying is contagious, is it, like diseases? "Yes," you smile.

Now turn to the other side, the habit of speaking the

truth. What would be the surest way of acquiring that habit, can you suggest? "One way, for instance, would be," you assure me, "by avoiding white lies, by taking care not to equivocate, by keeping to the strict or exact truth all the time."

By the way, what kind of men are usually the most esteemed, would you say, as a rule, the world over? "Oh, the men who have power, or a good deal of money," you answer. Do you really mean that? I ask. I spoke of *esteem,* you notice.

"Well," you tell me, "it may be that such men are not exactly 'esteemed' most highly, altho they are admired and talked about a great deal." Does it always follow that a man of wealth is a man of honor, for example?

"No," you admit, "it may sometimes be quite the contrary."

Then really what class of men do we most esteem, the men of wealth just for the sake of their wealth, or the men of honor? You assure me, "when it comes to *esteem,* we esteem the men of honor."

Yes, that is true. Many a man has said that he was willing to let his wealth go, become poor, see all his money pass out of his hands, if only he could keep his honor.

And what did that mean? "Why," you tell me, "it would imply that he wanted to feel that people still could trust him just the same, so that people would be sure that he always was a man of his word and spoke the truth."

By the way, when a man tells his first lie, how does he probably look in his face. "He may blush, or show a sense of shame," you suggest. Yes, I believe that is true.

And why? I ask you. "Oh, because he would feel so mean." Again, let me ask you: Which do you suppose is the worse of two forms of crime; to lie, or to steal? Have you ever thought of that? "Why," you answer, "perhaps to steal would be worse, because one may get punished and be put into prison if one steals."

Yes, that is true. And yet how do you account for this saying I have met with from a famous man:

"No crime is more infamous than the violation of truth." Was he mistaken, do you suppose?

"Not necessarily," you confess. Why not? I ask. "Oh," you suggest, "a lie may seem all the worse just because it is not punished *as a crime.*"

I am not sure but that a wrong such as lying is worse than stealing. They are both awfully bad. Do you think, for instance, that the men who are in prison for stealing, were guilty of that sort of a crime before they had ever told lies?

"Probably not," you fancy. You mean, do you, that they began first by telling lies, and that lying led to stealing? "Yes," you say. Perhaps that is true. Somehow when a man tells a lie, it is just as if his honor went all to pieces, as if his character were all gone. No one feels sure of him about anything. We feel as if the next step for him *naturally,* would be to steal.

Has it ever happened, do you suppose, that a man has faced death rather than tell a lie? I can assure you there have been men who loved the truth so much, who have been so in the habit of speaking the truth, that rather than lie they have gone to their death.

I might tell you, for instance, of a man who at one time had expressed his views on certain religious subjects, asserting just what he believed; and when he had done so, he was threatened with the pain of death if he did not take it all back. He was afraid for a time and so wrote what he called a recantation, denying what he first said. And then he felt so ashamed, repented so bitterly, that he withdrew his recantation and came out once more asserting just what he believed. And they burned him at the stake. And do you know what he did? He held out his right hand with which he had signed that recantation and allowed that hand to burn off in the flame, in order to show his shame and repentance for the lie he had told. He wanted to feel that now at the end he had stood by the truth and was dying for what he believed to be true.

Have you ever thought how it is that sometimes we apply the truth not only to speaking, or to what one says, but to the kind of life a man leads. "Yes," you answer, "sometimes we talk of a man leading a true life or being a true man."

What do you suppose that means? Is it just the same as speaking the truth or always telling the truth? "No," you say, "it is more than that; it would somehow imply that if a man had led that sort of a life, his conduct had been true as well as his language." Yes, but what would you understand by "true conduct"?

"Perhaps," you suggest, "it means where a man has kept the rules he has laid down for himself, 'been true to his conscience,' as one says."

You assume, then, do you, that there is a certain way in which one can be true to ones self besides always speaking the truth in what one says to others? You think that a man might be true to his word always, in what he said to others, so that people could believe him in whatever he told them; and yet that same man might fail to keep his own good resolutions. He might lose self-control, for example, and fall into the habit of showing anger when he had intended not to do so.

If a man were to act in that way, break his own good resolutions, lose his self-control, talk angrily, or eat too much, be a glutton, for instance, would such a man be what you would call a true man, even if he never told lies?

"No, not exactly," you admit. Why not? I ask. "Because," you explain, "he would not be true to himself, to his own resolutions, or true to his conscience." Then it looks, does it not, as if being true meant even more than always speaking the trtuh.

Listen to these words from a great poet:

"Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true."

What does this mean; mainly just speaking the truth at all times? "No," you answer, "it would imply also being true to one's conscience, not doing what one would be ashamed of doing."

You are right. Grand as it is for a man to have the habit of speaking the truth, it is even more grand and noble where a man makes his whole life true.

Do you suppose, however, that a man could have his life true, and yet not have the habit of speaking the truth? "No," you smile, "that would be out of the question."

Why? I ask. "Because," you assure me, "if he did not speak the truth, he would also not be true to himself, would not be true to his conscience. He would do what he would be ashamed of doing."

Yes, but anything more than that? If he failed to speak the truth, what else might follow? "Oh," you reply, "he would be pretty sure before long to be untrue to himself in other ways." How, for instance? "Why," you say, "he would be careless about keeping his resolutions in regard to his own conduct in other respects."

Yes, if a man does not have the habit of speaking the truth, the rest of his conduct is liable to be untrue also. He is pretty sure to lack self-control, and to "go to pieces," as we say, in all sorts of ways.

Suppose now we put this last point on the blackboard. Write it down so that we shall see the words before our eyes. Put first the words, "Speaking the Truth," then underneath it, "Being True in One's Life." Opposite, as covering them both, write the words, "The Habit of Truth."

Do you see how in a certain way, the habit of truth may perhaps cover all the good habits we have talked about in this series of lessons?

Points of the Lesson.

I. That telling the truth at all times and under all circumstances comes pretty hard.

II. That we call the person who does not tel the truth, a liar.

III. That people who have a fine sense of honor would sooner be struck by a blow with the fist than to have this title "liar" attached to them.

IV. That a lie is a slur upon the honor of the man to whom the lie is told, as well as a reflection on the honor of the man who tells it.

V. That there are persons who may not tell downright lies at first, and yet in what they say, may not always tell the whole, plain truth. We call this equivocation or a white lie.

VI. That people who are liars, usually have begun their fall by allowing themselevs to acquire the habit of eqivocating. The white lie at first usually leads to the black lie afterwards.

VII. Lying is contagious. Those who tell lies lead other pepole to reciprocate, and so foster the habit of lying among others.

VIII. That the men who stand in the highest *esteem* are usually the men who are the most true in their speech.

IX. That a lie seems all the worse as an evil act, because it may not be punished as a crime—as stealing is punished.

X. That being true means not merely always telling the truth to others, but also applies to the way one keeps one's resolutions or is true to one's self or to one's conscience.

XI. That the man who does not have the habit of "being true," is liable to "go to pieces" in all his conduct.

XII. That "being true" means being true in one's life. The man who in the highest sense is true to himself will be the man who is true to all the world.

LINES OR VERSES.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's hunger feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."

Further Suggestions to the Teacher: In this lesson we should try and emphasize the habit of *speaking the truth* rather than dwell too much upon the habit of *telling lies.* On the other hand, violation of truth is common in so many ways, there is no use in laying down an emphatic law and telling the children that they are never to deceive, never to equivocate, never to be guilty of white lies. It is almost certain that they will do it more or less from time to time. The better way is to arouse in their minds a sense of disgust or a sense of horror for a *lie,* and leave that sense of disgust or horror to exert its own influence. It were better to move the young people by giving them pictures of true honor and of true men who have stood by the truth. So, too, in the same way one can *describe* equivocation and white lies. Speak of them with disgust or with horror. Make the young people understand what is meant by the half-lie. We can connect it in their minds with the downright lie. But all the while we should try to reach them on this side in an indirect way. It is a sad fact, but one we must face, that very few people always tell the truth. Do not go into the question as to whether a lie is ever justifiable. Questions of cauistry of that kind serve no purpose for younger children. We shall accomplish more by arousing a sense of contempt for any kind of untruth. We could give a number of illustrations of brave men who have stood by the truth. It will be seen that we have kept this lesson distinct from the one on "Habits of Deception." Naturally they belong together as one theme. But while it may be exceedingly hard to eradicate any possible disposition to deception, we can implant in their minds a revulsion of feeling against the lie, and a sense of awe on their part for honor and truth. The last few paragraphs about "being true" have been inserted as a kind of climax to the series of studies concerning "Habits." While the chief emphasis in the lesson should be laid on *speaking* the truth, yet we might take the opportunity of using a few moments at the close, to dwell on the motto: Being True.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Beauty of the Flowers.

Fair flowers of spring that wither in awhile,
But are the gift and glory of the May,
We bring your beauty on this sacred day,
That ye on graves of heroes well may smile;
That mourning hearts from grief ye may beguile,
By what ye have of comfort true to say,
For lo! ye point to sunshine on our way,
And love that flows by desert like the Nile!
God gives his flowers as breathings of his love—
To simple earth as it to us appears,
Whereby our thoughts are drawn to him above,
Till we forget in joy our cause of tears:
Therefore our soldier boys by flowers are blest,
Tho' only dust beneath the garlands rest!

The spirit wings its way to regions new,
When once the form by death is cast aside,
And finds the universe of hope is wide,
And all the prophets spake is surely true;
Then heavens of duty-doing come to view,
And what it was as man is multiplied;
And so heroic souls that dared and died,
Have entrance grand thro' gates of glorious blue!
They are the flowers of time transplanted there,
No more to fade or vanish from our sight,
When we devotion to their state shall share,
And know their rapture and divine delight:
So flowers indeed may well on grave-sod rest,
With thoughts of bravery and beauty blest!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Peoples' Church, Thomas P. Byrnes, pastor. All the departments of the church are in harmonious and prosperous condition. The attendance at both the regular morning and evening services has increased during the year. The experiment of holding regular evening service was tried this year with great success, as the attendance increased during the six months' trial, reaching 500 and 600 people on two or three occasions. The pastor gavé courses of lectures and sermons on the social and religious questions of the day, and in this way succeeded in interesting the general public. A strong Young Peoples' Society was organized last November, which has held during the year religious meetings on Sunday evenings and social meetings every alternate week. The Woman's Society has been busy with the social interests of the church, and in the study of household economics. Sunday, May 17, was a joyous day in the history of the church, when the pastor welcomed into membership of the church twenty-nine new members. Sunday, May 24, we will celebrate the Emerson anniversary.

Foreign Notes.

THE CONVERSION OF A VILLAGE.—In the long ago it was nothing unheard of for a whole tribe, clan or people to be suddenly converted from paganism to Christianity by force of arms or the will of a sovereign. It is a less usual and more suggestive thing for an entire community to be converted from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism, not by the proselyting efforts of the so-called heretics but by the blind and foolish policy of the mother church. Yet the story of such a conversion comes to us from Paris.

A friend of UNITY, now spending his vacation in that city, sends us a clipping from *Le Matin*, which translated reads as follows:

"The Protestant consistory of Saint-Etienne has just made a most unusual conquest by the conversion of an entire village of the Upper Loire. About ten years ago the inhabitants of Malataverne erected by subscription a handsome church. Their village being at three kilometers distance from the chief seat of the canton, they desired to avoid in this way that long Sunday trip to the town. When the church was completed a delegation from the hamlet went to Le Puy to find the bishop and procure a priest. The bishop refused and several attempts were equally unsuccessful. Ten years passed in this way. At last, tired of waiting for their priest, the people of Malataverne had recourse to the Protesttant consistory of Saint-Etienne, and this time their effort was crowned with full success. Last Sunday three Protestant ministers dedicated the new church and the whole village attended the ceremony. There are not more than four recalcitrants who remain Catholic in spite of everything. The new converts show themselves full of enthusiasm and are greatly pleased with their new pastors."

This little incident, reported in the Paris press only a month ago, recalls that sweet, pathetic story, "The Forest Schoolmaster," by Peter Rosegger, the record of a life lived in simplicity and singleness of purpose, with the development of the spiritual nature expressing itself finally in the building of a church in a little forest community too insignificant and remote to be cared for by the great organized church.

A GREETING FROM GERMANY.—Dr. Albert Beyschlag, *Stadtvikar*, or city pastor, of Pirmasens in the Palatinate of the Rhine, writes us that he does not know enough of Emerson to write about him, but through his kindly interest in UNITY an Emerson article has been prepared by one who has studied him, which we hope later to be able to lay before our readers.

Dr. Beyschlag will be remembered as the earnest, eloquent German who presented the cause of the Memorial church of the Protest of 1529 at Speyer, in many American cities some years ago, and would undoubtedly have collected more ample funds for it had he been able to spend a longer time among us. He reports that this beautiful monument to historic Protestantism is now nearly completed, lacking only upper part of the tower and the seating, and that it is indeed a quite wonderful cathedral, "*ein ganz wunderbarer Dom.*" We may hope soon to receive some definite announcement as to its dedication.

Dr. Beyschlag sends cordial greeting to Mr. Jones and friends in Chicago. M. E. H.

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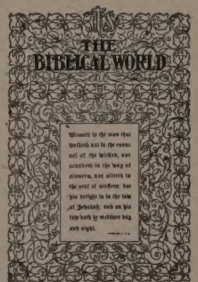

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The poetry of Ralph Waldo Emerson will be the basis of one hour's reading every morning on the porch of Westhope Cottage and of the Sunday Evening Vesper Readings throughout the season, from July 1st to September 15th, when the program of the Summer School does not interfere. This will be Tower Hill's contribution to the Emerson Centenary.

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   b. Corrosion.
   c. Soil Formation.
   d. Nature of Soil Determined by the Nature of Rock, etc.
4. Rock Formation.
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      2. Limestone.
      3. Shale.
   b. Metamorphic Rock.
      1. Marble.
      2. Quartzite.
      3. Slate.
   c. Igneous Rock. Examples.

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2. Geological History of
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   b. Wisconsin, Illinois, etc., in particular.
   c. Tower Hill's Place in the Entire Scheme.
3. Glacial Period.
   a. Probable Causes. (Brief.)
   b. Effects of Glacial Action Upon Surface of the Earth.
   c. Driftless Area of Wisconsin.

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   b. General Character of Landscape Compared With That of Madison, Milwaukee, Chicago, etc.
   c. Study of Bar Formation, etc., etc., etc.

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II. Study of Local Flowers, Treated as With Ferns.
III. Study of Local Trees.
IV. Anything that comes to hand in case a person can be found upon the hill who knows enough to direct work upon it.

Class work 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. five days in the week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LECTURES—Most of the lectures this year, of which there will be three of four a week, will be in connection with the morning work in the history of religion and will be given by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Mr. Jones and such lectures as the Science Department may care to arrange for.

Sunday Services—The number and nature of the Sunday services will be arranged for by the local committee at Hillside and announced later.

Unattended Children—Miss Wynne Lackersteen will again assume the charge of a few unattended children For further particulars she may be addressed at Hartford, Wisconsin.

Library Class—Miss Evelyn H. Walker for the third year will give instruction in library work with special reference to Sunday school and small public and private libraries.

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(See Page 178.)

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